the sentient etKer that I made mention of somewhere before. When the statd of tension in this ethereal medium reaches beyond a particular pitch, there likely appear cracks and fissures in its membrane, like the sudden cracking of the Sphinx glass in Tennyson's Lady of Shallot, letting in the light of the Ultramundane, giving thereby the chance to the other-worldly to make good their appearance on our earthly plane. This is one way of looking at the question. But there seems another and perhaps a more general way that will serve to explain the problem before us from a more human standpoint. It may very generally be said of our jails and transported settlements, and places like those, that they constitute the very embodiments of the collective misfortunes and misery of a whole people in a nut-shell.

It is because of the fact that the Divine essence immanent in Nature appears most widely diffused and spread out in its vastness and immensity, incommensurate and incomprehensible, that we fail to

comprehend
its meaning, the meaning that
poets and
sages alone possess the eye for
and make
so much of in their wise utterances
and hymnal